The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere Formas
Corpora : Dii Cœptis (nam vos mutaſtis & illas)
Aſpirate meis.

From *Tueſday November* 28. to *Thurſday November* 30. 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY Nation is diſtinguiſhed by Productions that are peculiar to it. *Great Britain* is particularly fruitful in Religions, that ſhoot up and flouriſh in this Climate more than in any other. We are ſo famous abroad for our great Variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious Friend of mine, who is lately returned from his Travels, aſſures me, there is a Show at this Time *carried* up and down in *Germany*, which repreſents all the Religions of *Great Britain* in Wax-work. Notwithſtanding that the Pliancy of the Matter in which the Images are wrought makes it capable of being moulded into all Shapes and Figures, my Friend tells me, that he did not think it poſſible for it to be twiſted and tortured into ſo many ſcrewed Faces and wry Features as appeared in ſeveral of the Figures that compoſed the Show. I was indeed ſo pleaſed with the Deſign of the *German* Artiſt, that I beg'd my Friend to give me an Account of it in all its Particulars, which he did after the following Manner:

I have often, ſays he, been preſent at a Show of Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, and other ſtrange Creatures; but I never ſaw ſo great an Aſſembly of Spectators as were met together at the opening of this great Piece of Wax-work. We were all placed in a large Hall, according to the Price that we had paid for our Seats. The Curtain that hung before the Show was made by a Maſter of Tapeſtry, who had woven it in the Figure of a monſtrous *Hydra*, that had ſeveral Heads, which brandiſhed out their Tongues, and ſeemed to hiſs at each other. Some of theſe Heads were large and entire, and where any of them had been lopped away, there ſprouted up ſeveral in the Room of them; inſomuch that for One Head cut off, a Man might ſee Ten, Twenty, or an Hundred, of a ſmaller Size, creeping through the Wound. In ſhort, the whole Picture was nothing but Confuſion and Bloodſhed. On a ſudden, ſays my Friend, I was ſtartled with a Flouriſh of many Muſical Inſtruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a ſhort Tune (if it might be ſo called) wholly made up of Jarrs and Diſcords. Among the reſt there was an Organ, a Bagpipe, a Groaning Board, a Stentorophonick Trumpet, with ſeveral Wind Inſtruments of a moſt diſagreeable Sound, which I do not ſo much as know the Name of. After a ſhort Flouriſh the Curtain was drawn up, and we were preſented with the moſt extraordinary Aſſembly of Figures that ever entered into a Man's Imagination. The Deſign of the Workman was ſo well expreſſed in the dumb Show before us, that it was not hard for an *Engliſhman* to comprehend the Meaning of it.

The principal Figures were placed in a Row, conſiſting of Seven Perſons. The middle Figure, which immediately attracted the Eyes of the whole Company, and was much bigger than the reſt, was formed like a Matron dreſſed in the Habit of an elderly Woman of Quality in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days. The moſt remarkable Parts of her Dreſs was the Beaver with the Steeple Crown, the Scarf that was darker than Sable, and the Lawn Apron that was whiter than Ermin. Her Gown was of the richeſt black Velvet, and juſt upon her Heart ſtudded with large Diamonds of an ineſtimable Value, diſpoſed in the Form of a Croſs. She bore an inexpreſſible Chearfulneſs and Dignity in her Aſpect, and tho' ſhe ſeemed in Years, appeared with ſo much Spirit and Vivacity, as gave her at the ſame Time an Air of old Age and Immortality. I found my Heart touched with ſo much Love and Reverence at the the Sight of her, that the Tears ran down my Face as I looked upon her; and ſtill the more I looked upon her, the more my Heart was melted with the Sentiments of Filial Tenderneſs and Duty. I diſcovered every Moment ſomething ſo charming in this Figure, that I could ſcarce take my Eyes off it. On its Right Hand there ſat the Figure of a Woman, ſo covered with Ornaments, that her Face, her Body, and her Hands, were almoſt entirely hid under them. The little you could ſee of her Face was painted, and what I thought very odd, had ſomething in it like artificial Wrinkles; but I was the leſs ſurprized at it, when I ſaw upon her Forehead an old-faſhioned Tower of Grey Hairs. Her Head-dreſs roſe very high by Three ſeveral Stories or Degrees; her Garments had a Thouſand Colours in them, and were embroidered with Croſſes in Gold, Silver, and Silk. She had nothing on, ſo much as a Glove or a Slipper which was not marked with this Figure; nay ſo ſuperſtitiouſly fond did ſhe appear of it, that ſhe ſat croſs-legged. I was quickly ſick of this tawdry Compoſition of Ribands, Silks, and Jewels, and therefore caſt my Eye on a Dame which was juſt the Reverſe of it. I need not tell my Reader that the Lady before deſcribed was *Popery*, or that ſhe I am now going to deſcribe is *Preſbytery*. She ſat on the Left Hand of the venerable Matron, and ſo much reſembled her in the Features of her Countenance, that ſhe ſeemed her Siſter; but at the ſame Time that one obſerved a Likeneſs in her Beauty, one could not but take Notice that there was ſomething in it ſickly and Splenatick. Her Face had enough to diſcover the Relation; but it was drawn up into a peeviſh Figure, ſoured with Diſcontent, and overcaſt with Melancholy. She ſeemed offended at the Matron for the Shape of her Hat, as too much reſembling the triple Coronet of the Perſon who ſat by her. One might ſee likewiſe, that ſhe diſſented from the White Apron and the Croſs; for which Reaſons, ſhe had made her ſelf a plain homely Dowdy, and turned her Face towards the Sectaries that ſat on her Left Hand, as being afraid of looking upon the Matron, leaſt ſhe ſhould ſee the Harlot by her.

On the Right Hand of *Popery* ſat *Judaiſm*, repreſented by an old Man embroidered with Phylacteries, and diſtinguiſhed by many Typical Figures which I had not Skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the Rubbiſh of a Temple, but inſtead of weeping over it (which I ſhould have expected from him) he was counting out a Bag of Money upon the Ruins of it.

On his Right Hand was *Deiſm*, or *Natural Religion*. This was a Figure of an half-naked, aukward Country Wench, who, with proper Ornaments and Education, would have made an agreeable and beautiful Appearance, but for Want of thoſe

whose Advantages, was such a Spectacle as a Man would blush to look upon.

I have now, continued my Friend, given you an Account of those who were placed on the Right Hand of the Matron, and who, according to the Order in which they sat, were, *Deism*, *Judaism*, and *Popery*: On the Left Hand, as I told you, appeared *Presbytery*. The next to her was a Figure which somewhat puzzled me. It was that of a Man looking with Horror in his Eyes upon a Silver Bason filled with Water. Observing something in his Countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at first, that he was to express that Kind of Distraction which the Physicians call the *Hydrophobia*; but considering what the Intention of the Show was, I immediately recollected my self, and concluded it to be *Anabaptism*.

The next Figure was a Man that sat under a most profound Composure of Mind. He wore an Hat whose Brims were exactly parallel with the Horizon. His Garment had neither Sleeve nor Skirt, nor so much as a superfluous Button. What they called his Cravat, was a little Piece of white Linen, quilled with great Exactness, and hanging below his Chin about Two Inches. Seeing a Book in his Hand, I asked our Artist what it was, who told me, it was the *Quakers* Religion; upon which I desired a Sight of it. Upon Perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new fashioned Grammar, or an Art of abridging ordinary Discourse. The Nouns were reduced to a very small Number, as, the *Light*, *Friend*, *Babylon*. The principal of his Pronouns was *Thou*; and as for You, Ye, and Yours, I found they were not looked upon as Parts of Speech in this Grammar. All the Verbs wanted the Second Person Plural. The Participles ended all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular Accent. There were no Adverbs besides *yea* and *nay*. The same Thrift was observed in the Prepositions. The Conjunctions were only *hem!* and *ha!* And the Interjections brought under the Three Heads of sighing, sobbing, and groaning.

There was at the End of the Grammar a little Nomenclature, called, *The Christian Man's Vocabulary*, which gave new Appellations (or if you will) Christian Names, to almost every Thing in Life. I replaced the Book in the Hand of the Figure, not without admiring the Simplicity of its Garb, Speech, and Behaviour.

Just opposite to this Row of Religions there was a Statue dressed in a Fool's Coat, with a Cap of Bells upon his Head, laughing and pointing at the Figures that stood before him. This Idiot is supposed to say in his Heart what *David*'s Fool did some Thoulands of Years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper Representative of those among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-Thinkers by themselves.

There were many other Groupes of Figures which I did not know the Meaning of; but seeing a Collection of both Sexes turning their Backs upon the Company, and laying their Heads very close together. I enquired after their Religion, and found, that they called themselves the *Philodelphians*, or the Family of Love.

In the opposite Corner there sat another little Congregation of strange Figures, opening their Mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the Title of the *Sweet Singers of Israel*.

I must not omit, that in this Assembly of Wax there were several Pieces that moved by Clockwork, and gave great Satisfaction to the Spectators. Behind the Matron there stood one of these Figures, and behind *Popery* another, which, as the Artist told us, were each of them the Genius of the Person they attended. That behind *Popery* represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The First of these moved by secret Springs towards a great Heap of dead Bodies, that lay piled upon one another at a considerable Distance behind the principal Figures. There were written on the Foreheads of these dead Men several hard Words, as, *Pre-Adamites*, *Sabbatarians*, *Camaronians*, *Muggletonians*, *Brownists*, *Independants*, *Masonites*, *Camisars*, and the like. At the Approach of Persecution, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody Flag, the whole Assembly of dead Men, like those in the *Rehearsal*, started up, and drew their Swords. This was followed by great Clashings and Noise, when, in the Midst of the Tumult, the Figure of Moderation moved gently towards this new Army, which, upon her holding up a Paper in her Hand, inscribed, *Liberty of Conscience*, immediately fell into a Heap of Carcasses, remaining in the same quiet Posture that they lay at first.

Advertisements.

☞ The THIRD Volume of the LUCUBRATIONS of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; on a large Letter, in Octavo, being almost finished; such as please to subscribe for it on a Royal Paper, to keep up their Sets, are desired to send their Names to Charles Lilly, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand, or John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Where the First and Second Volumes are to be delivered.

ALL Sorts of fine Silks and Mercery Goods for Blank Lottery Tickets, at 7 l. 5 s. a Ticket, and sold as cheap as for Specie, at the Eagle and Child over-against the Old-Baily on Ludgate Hill.

AT the GREAT WHEAT-SHEAF painted upon a Copper Plate, next the Bell-Savage-Inn on Ludgate-hill, are sold all Sorts of rich Foreign Silk, with Gold and Silver Brocades: Likewise plain and flower'd Velvets for Gowns and Petticoats, and Coach Linings; with all Sorts of Silk Morning-Gowns, for Blank Lottery Tickets, at as high a Price as any Person shall give for them, and the abovesaid Goods as cheap as for Specie.

ALL Persons who for themselves or Friends, having red and grey Hairs, would have them dy'd or turn'd black, or dark-brown Colour, will find entire Satisfaction, as a great many have already, in the Use of a clear Water found out by Mr. Michon, and is to be sold at the said Mr. Michon's, Goldsmith, at the Crown and Pearl in Grafton-street; at P. Varenne's, a Bookseller, at Seneca's Head near Somerset-house in the Strand; at the Rainbow Coffee-house beyond the Royal-Exchange in Cornhil; at Hen. Ribotteau's at the Crown over-against Exeter-Exchange in the Strand; and by A. Bell at the Cross-Keys and Bible in Cornhil.

*** This Day is published, A Word to the Wise: In a Letter to a City Clergyman: Recommended to the Consideration of his Brethren of the Clergy, especially those of the younger Sort. Sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 2 d.

FOR Sale by the Candle, to Morrow the first of December, at Cary's Coffee-house, at 4 in the Afternoon, in Oxendon-street near the Tennis-Court by the Hay-market near Charing-Cross, 22 Hhds. of excellent French Clarets, deep, bright, and of the true Flavour, perfect fine, and fit for Bottling, near an entire Parcel, now in a Vault under the aforesaid Tennis-Court by the Hay-market near Charing-Cross. The said Clarets are to be tasted all this Day, and to Morrow till the Hour of Sale. Catalogues to be had where the Wines lie, at the Place of Sale, &c. To be sold by T. Tomkins, Broker, in Seething lane, between Tower-street and Crouched-Friars.

AT Mrs. Mottley's India House at the Two Green Canisters on the Pavement in St. Martin's-lane, near Charing-Cross, all Sorts of Indian Goods, laquered Ware, China, Fans, Screens, Pictures, &c. with Hollands, Muslins, Cambricks, fine embroidered and plain short Aprons, and divers other Things, to be disposed of for Blank Lottery Tickets, at 7 l. 5 s. each, and the Goods as cheap as for Specie.

AT the Blue Boar in Holborn, are to be sold a Pair of Stone Horses, and Three Geldings, all young, fresh, and well marked, newly come out of the Country.

NEW Barcelona Wine, as neat and as good as any that has been imported this Year, being a small Parcel newly landed, to be sold by the Cask and by the Gallon, at 5 s. the Gallon, no less Quantity than a Gallon, in Abchurch-lane, in a Cellar, at the Sign of the Dial over-against Pontack's. Attendance will be given every Day from Eight in the Morning till Twelve, and from Two till Five.

A Neat House, ready furnished with all Conveniencies whatsoever, for about Eight in Family, with a small Garden, to be let. Enquire at Mr. Beaver's, a Bookseller, near the Temple gate in Fleet street; or at the House aforesaid, over-against the Earl of Thanet's in Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury.

AT the Substantial and Profitable Insurance-Office for Marriage, for 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 Months, by a new Method never made Publick, November 28, 1710. At an Upholder's over-against Tooley-Church in Southwark, Attendance is given, where any Person may insure on the Marriage of themselves or any other Person, not exceeding 1050 for each Society; to pay only for Entrance till 2 Months is almost expired, and then to pay 5 s. towards the first Claim of the Third Society, and 2 s. 6 d. towards the first Claim of the Fourth Society. You will have the Particulars more at large at the Office.

THis is to certify to all concerned in the 1000 l. Sale, which was drawn in Sadlers-hall, That there is to be seen a perfect Numerical List of all the Prizes drawn, with the Value, at the Magpye in Short's Gardens in Drury-lane. The like is not to be seen in London; for it specifies the Day any Number was drawn. The Charge for viewing the same will be a Half-penny each Ticket. Note, The List of the 800 l. Sale mentioned in the Post-Boy of the 30th of October last, is yet to be seen at the aforesaid Place.

Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*; where Advertisements are taken in.